

SHEER

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ADULTS ONLY

Volume 1 No. 7

RAMONA ROGERS

IN THIS ISSUE
8 BONUS PAGES

Two
Center Pages
in FULL COLOR





FAITH AND BEGORRA!,
THE OLE' SOD WAS
NEVER LIKE THIS!

NO HARP, NO SHAMROCK

By CONNIE SELLERS

(When a man's tired of this world, he should leave it. But that poses a problem.)

Pat Dugan threw back his head and yelled "Timber-r-r-l" just for the hell of it. There was nobody within miles to hear, and that's the way he liked it. The giant redwood swayed and crashed down through lesser trees to rock the earth.

Balancing his axe, Pat climbed along the shaggy bole to the top of the tree. It was then he noticed the foot sticking out of the thick green branches.

He stared down at it, knowing it was impossible, that he was the only man in this end of the entire Palo Colorado canyon. Sick of the crowded phoniness of the world, he had picked this lonely job and this lonely spot. Now, far away from trouble, trouble had come to him.

The foot twitched and branches shivered. Out of them pushed a wrinkled, outraged face, accented by a straggly beard. "It's throwing

trees down on people, is it? Don't just be standing there, you great oaf. Help me out, or I'll take me stick to ye."

Pat reached down a big hand and lifted. The little old man came up easily, red-faced and spluttering. Pat stared, for the man was a dwarf, not much over three feet tall.

"Ye might warn a man before ye throw trees at him," the dwarf said.

"I yelled timber," Pat said, "even though I was the only man in six miles."

The old man purpled. "And what do I look like—Her Majesty the blinkin' Queen?"

Now that he had brought it up, Pat thought the old man looked like nothing he had ever seen before. The odd clothing was worn green leather, and the shoes curiously upturned. And the brogue—

"What's your name, dad?" Pat asked.

The little man hopped up and down. "Dad? That's a lie—sure as

me name is Shawn. No son of mine could be so great and ugly."

Pat inched closer. "Those are nice shoes. Handmade?"

"Naturally. No damned machines for me. But small use there is for beautiful shoes these days—"

Shawn made a squeaking noise and tried to jump off the log. Pat's hand fastened in the old man's belt and held him kicking and squirming in mid-air.

"Got you!" Pat said.

All the ancient curses of Connemara rolled off Shawn's tongue, larded by solid American profanity. Pat held him at arm's length until the old man ran out of words.

"I know you," Pat said. "You're one of the little people. I was sure when you admitted being a shoemaker."

Shawn twisted to stare at him. "Little people? Are ye daft? Superstition, that what it is, ignorant superstition. And that only in Erin, bless the green god of her. What would a Yankee know of the little people?"

"My name is Dugan—Patrick Dugan."

Shawn screwed up his face. "An Orangeman, no doubt?"

Pat shook his head. "My family came from Dublin."

Shawn hung limp. "A Dubliner who throws trees, is it? Turn me loose."

Pat grinned. "Not so fast, leprechaun. Where's your gold?"

"Gold, indeed," Shawn mumbled. "An old wives' tale. Turn me loose, I say."

Pat lowered Shawn's feet to the log, and switched grips to the seat of his pants. "The gold?"

"Gold is out of fashion and against the law," Shawn pointed out. "Ye can't spend it."

"I can exchange it at a bank."

A fortune would solve all his problems, Pat thought. It could mean a chance to get away from today, to escape as nearly as possible to yesterday. Pat wanted a faraway, quiet place without wars and impending wars, without false, brittle women.

"Banks are not trustworthy," Shawn said. "They'd give ye green paper in place of the lovely metal. You'd allow that?"

"I would," Pat said. "I'd go see Dublin first. Then I'd buy a small house far out in the bogs."

"A dirty city, Dublin," Shawn protested. "All crowded with foreigners and Orangemen. The whiskey is terrible. And the bogs? Too cold. Stay home, lad."

Pat shook the seat of Shawn's pants.

"Have ye no mrecy in your black heart?" Shawn yelled. "I curse the day the O'Neils immigrated to this raw, cruel land, taking me and mine with 'em. They went bad, anyway. One of 'em married an Englishwoman."

Pat lifted the old man again and held him squirming in the air. "Stop conniving, Shawn. It's the gold I'm after."

"I'd know ye for a Yankee anywhere," Shawn said. "Your accent's terrible."

Pat shook him.

"All right!" Shawn squeaked. "Enough, I say. Ye have me sur-
render-tho' it's ashamed ye should be for attacking a helpless old man."

Pat tucked the leprechaun under one arm and stepped down off the log. He leaned his axe against the redwood bole. "Now—which way to your treasure?"

"It's indecent," Shawn said, "carryin' me under one arm like a rag doll. If ye were only twice me size, I'd play the Wearin' O' the Green on your thick head with me stick. Put me down, and I'll try it, any how."

Continued on Page 12



Pegeen's fair body blossomed out of its clothing, wondrous and flowing.

NO HARP, NO SHAMROCK
Continued from Page 11

"Oh, no," Pat said. "Here you stay until you lead me to your pot of gold."

"It's a stubborn man ye are," Shawn sighed. "But mind you, it's no pot of gold—just a little bag. Gold's hard to come by these days; guards all over the place at Fort Knox."

Pat blinked. "You stole it?"

"Of course. Now, a fine, upstanding lad like you wouldn't be handling stolen goods, would he?"

Pat tightened his arm, and Shawn yelped. "Take care, ye monster! Me bones are old and brittle. If it's so greedy ye are, off that way, past the white rock yonder."

With a tight grip on the leprechaun, Pat set off up a dimly marked trail. In a few moments he made out the mouth of a cave, cunningly hidden behind a screen of huckleberry bushes.

"Me home," Shawn muttered. "All cold and damp; ye won't like it."

Pat did like it. He had to stoop through the opening, but once inside, he could straighten up easily. The interior was dry and warm. Stretching far back into the depths of the hill. There were furnishings, and somehow the air smelled of shamrocks, bright and friendly green. And of something else—indefinable and dewfresh, something that made Pat glance around for its source.

"Put me down," Shawn said. "Hold to me breeches, if ye must, but I'll not have it said Shawn of Connemara can't be a proper host."

With Pat's fingers hooked in his pants, the little man inched awkwardly to a blackthorn cabinet. He brought out a dusty bottle and held it up. "Honest poteen," He said. "Ye'll find nothing like it in Dublin. Here—I'll get the cups."

The cups themselves were intoxicating to Pat—carved with the heroes of Erin. There was Donegal and his great sword; the O'Neil embattled on the towers of Ballyshannon; the fierce wolfhounds of Ireland lunging against a stag.

Shawn chuckled and poured the sparkling poteen into the cups as Pat stared at them in awe. Pat lifted one and inhaled the smoky flavor of peat bog and yew wood, spiced by the kiss of salt marsh.

"Erin go bragh," said Shawn.

"Amen," echoed Pat Dugan, and downed the whiskey.

There was a sly twinkle in the leprechaun's eye. "Another?"

Pat sighed. "Could a man refuse? But I won't let you go, Shawn. Not until the gold's in my hands."

"It's precious little gold will buy," Shawn said. "But we'll talk of that later. A toast to Dublin!"

They drank it, and another toast to County Kerry and another to Galway Bay, and yet another to Jaime Kilcannon, whoever he might be, and the softtive poteen burned just as sweetly after each.

The leprechaun was wagging his beard and tapping out a jig with his foot when the girl walked in.

Not walked, exactly—more like floated, as petals do on a calm crystal stream. Her windkissed hair was black and silky as a raven's wing, and her eyes—ah, her eyes, the stormy blue of Limerick skies. The sweet, soft skin of her, and those redrose lips—

"Father!" she said. "Ye're grogged—and with one o' Them!"

"Pegeen me darlin'," Shawn said. "Tis captured I am, and he insists on the pot of gold. Not a bad sort, if only he'd take his great paw off me breeches."

Pegeen stamped her tiny foot, and the movement sent ripples over her body. And a fine body it was, Pat thought hazily. So firm and strong, with a fire hidden in it. Her breasts were high and full under a tight bodice; her hips flared as they should, and the legs—long, golden and tapered just so.

Pat blinked and shook his head. If Pegeen was the leprechaun's daughter, she shouldn't be so tall. Those peony eyes had no right being nearly level with his own. Or should they? Gaelic whiskey fanned heat through his stomach, and Pat Dugan wasn't too sure about anything.

"And you'd be the woodsmen?" Pegeen asked, her voice silver bells chiming across soft hills.

Pat drew in a deep breath and recognized the odor. It had been her woman scent he smelled when first he entered the cave—dewfresh shamrocks and something else, something fairy-magic and compelling.

"I—I'm Patrick Dugan," he mumbled, staring into her flower face. "I—we, your father, I mean—"

"An old rogue with a bad tongue," Pegeen said. "Patrick Dugan, ye say?"

The name rolls sweet off the tongue."

Pat's chest swelled and touched her, touched the taut breasts pushing against her blouse. Pegeen's ripe mouth said something, and her eyes something else. Pat's arms reached around her, and the softly rounded body crushed tightly to him.

The cave faded with the first hungry touch of her lips. Far in the distance, Shawn chattered, but they paid no attention. There were stars above and around them, and fairy music stirring their blood.

Pegeen's fair body blossomed out of its clothing, wonderous and glowing. Her thighs were sweet traps, and her hips wild, twisting flame. The magic soared among the spinning stars and silver bells until it burst over their locked bodies and showered tiny suns through them.

Slowly, regrettfully, the world came back. But it could never be the same old world. There would forever be a touch of magic to it, like moon-dust trailed soft and sparkling across the night.

Pegeen's crushed-petal lips moved away from his, and Pat opened his eyes. From the cave entrance, he heard the chatter of Shawn's querulous voice.

"Pegeen, ye wench! Tis fine to save your old father from the clutches of yon monster, but ye did not have to go so far."

The girl's midnight lashes fluttered, and her eyes opened, still cobwebbed with remembered joy.

"Pegeen, I say!" Shawn was hoping up and down outside the cave. "Hear me, ye black-hearted wench! Turn him out of there."

She sighed and brushed her mouth slowly across Pat's ear.

"You tree-throwing Dubliner," Shawn called. "I foxed ye. The poeteen did it. Ye're no bigger than us now, and the gold will do ye no good!"

Pat stared at the cave. It was bigger than it had been. Whatever magic the poeteen held, it had been effective. The huge size of his discarded pants told him that much.

"Ye greedy spalpeen!" Shawn yelled from outside. "No pot of gold for ye—d'y'e hear?"

Pat felt the warm magic of the woman in his arms, the fairy woman of sweet thighs and wild hips; Pegeen of the firm round breasts and honeyed mouth.

"I found the treasure," he said.
"What? What? Pegeen—ye didn't give him the gold?"

Her mouth searched along Pat's throat. Pat called out to the old man outside. "Keep your gold, Shawn—the real treasure is your daughter."

There was silence then, for a moment. "Father," Pegeen said, "take yourself off down the forest awhile."

"Patrick," Shawn said, "ye're sure ye're no Orangeman?"

"Dublin, I told you," Pat said, as the woman stirred, as the flame of

her hungered at him once more.

"Oh well," Shawn said, his voice fading away down the hill, "It could have been worse, I suppose."

"It couldn't be better," Pat said softly as he met Pegeen's mouth.

THE END





California's Salton Sea offers vast expanse of background, right, while above and in the other two pictures the wooded, heavily-streamed back country provides us with a true nature girl atmosphere.



With nothing but sunlight to brighten the picture the photographer here has worked up an alluring group of studies by allowing the model full freedom of motion so that her poses were actually discovered while she rollicked among the natural surroundings.



Left, slacks clash with rock for secondary attraction while pleasing expression and upper bareness stand out as focal point of picture. Tormented look of hopelessly entangled victim above reminds one of a snared fish but on the other hand adds much interest to a composition.

Stretching upwards on the arms adds beauty to any bustline regardless of the models measurements but this is especially true in a larger busted girl.



Single rose, half-hidden model and the petticoats left, certainly contribute something to these two pictures but the small label on the petticoat and the wrinkles in the material above actually detract upon closer scrutiny.



When she returned, she had on a robe made of black; transparent material

(ILLUSTRATED BY BOB COBB)

CALL ME John

NO UNSKILLED LABOR IN THIS SELF-MADE MAN!

By WILLIAM G. WESTON

I took a slice of the roast beef. Then a drink of the whiskey. Then a bite of chicken and a glass of wine. I was enjoying my new body; it was as much fun having one as I had thought.

I had just taken another piece of the beef and was reaching for the whisky when I heard something behind me.

"Then Mama Bear said, somebody's eating my porridge."

I was alarmed because, although I didn't know the meaning of porridge, I did know what a bear was. I had seen some at the zoo when I first came here and the thought of what an angry female bear might do to my nice new body was chilling.

I turned around and saw, not a female bear, but a somewhat bare female.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

I looked at her with some interest. She was small, reaching, I guessed, to about my shoulder. Her hair was as dark as the void beyond the stars in contrast to a beautifully white skin. There was quite a bit of that skin to be seen because the dress she wore was rather inadequate at the top.

"Do you mean originally or just prior to entering your house?" I asked politely.

"Both," she said. Her eyes were as blue as the midnight sky and she was looking at me curiously. Looking at her I became aware of a peculiar, though pleasant sensation. It was apparent that there were some things I didn't know about my new body.

"It's a long story," I said.

"I'll bet," the girl said. "But we've got plenty of time." She sat down and poured out some whisky. "But first tell me your name."

"Call me John," I said. Going around before I had my body I had often heard people laughingly refer to dear John letters and girls laughing when they said they were going to THE JOHN, so I thought that this John must be a very popular fellow.

"The last name wouldn't be Smith, would it?" she asked.

"Just John, Mama Bear," I said. "My name is Rhonda," she laughed.

I arose politely to acknowledge the introduction and then noticed that a peculiar phenomenon had taken place which the small greenish transparent garment I wore could not conceal.

"Goodness," Rhonda exclaimed. "If I didn't see that myself I wouldn't believe it. You certainly do have an appropriate name."

I didn't know what she meant, but I took it for a compliment, so I smiled modestly. "Of course this garment is rather tight," I apologized. "In fact it seems to be tighter than when I first put it on." I was thinking that there were some things about my new body I didn't know about. And Rhonda seemed to have something to do with it.

"Gauzy green panties are a bit unusual for men," Rhonda said. "But I must admit that on you they are most impressive. And the color matches your eyes."

"Do you like them?" I asked eagerly. "At first I thought I would have ruby-red eyes, but they don't seem to be popular."

"No," Rhonda said. "I can't remember when I last saw ruby-red eyes, except in an angry Siamese cat. And you certainly aren't that."

"Oh, no," I assured her. "But I could have been if I wanted to. But I thought this body would be better. I went around observing what you Earth people like best in men. You know, tall, muscular, handsome—then I tried to accentuate those things."

"And you sure did," she said. "In one respect you accented the positive more than seems believable."

"Oh, you mean that," I said looking down. "I tried and I tried. But I couldn't get it right."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," she said. "It depends on the way you look at it."

I poured some whisky because this liquid seemed to help me express myself. "Now I'll explain how I came to enter your house."

"That will be interesting," Rhonda said. "But you can tell me after."

"After what?" I asked.

"Oh," she cried. "You really must have come from far away! Don't they know *anything* where you come from?"

"Oh, we know lots of things. We're very advanced—"

"You haven't done much advancing since you've been here," she muttered. "I'm going to make myself more comfortable."

When she returned she had on a robe made of a black, transparent material. Her white body shone through it. I wondered if the whisky was making me so warm.

Continued on Page 20

Sheer

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Editor: Curt Wilson

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Growing bigger and better with every issue, Sheer is bringing you one of the greatest collections of photographic models ever assembled under one cover. A good example is our cover girl, Jean Nieto on the left and Brenda Graham above. Check inside for further pictures of these two beauties.

CALL ME JOHN

Continued from Page 19

"I think I'll have some of that roast beef," Rhonda said. She was standing close to me and when she bent down her breast rested on my shoulder. As she carved a slice from the roast her breast rubbed against my shoulder in a way that was very pleasant. "It's going to be a long night—I hope—and I'm a growing girl, and I have to keep up my strength."

"Growing?" I asked. "I hadn't noticed."

"Growing impatient," she said. "You certainly are a funny fellow. Any other man would be trying to make me."

"Make you?" I asked in surprise. "Why should I? You have a very nice body; I don't think I could do any better."

"It's very sweet of you to say so," she said and sat down beside me.

"With me, it was different," I said. "When I got to Earth I didn't have a body. I was what you call a disembodied intelligence. On my planet it's so hot that a body would be cooked in no time at all."

"I feel pretty hot myself right now," Rhonda said.

"But when I reached Earth I decided that having a body would provide some sensations unknown to a disembodied intellect."

"And you are so right," she said. "But I don't understand how you got that gorgeous body."

"Well, I went around observing people; noting the things that are most admired in men," I explained. "Like I told you."

"Why didn't you decide to be a woman?" Rhonda asked.

"Oh, but that wouldn't be proper," I said, shocked. "After all, I was a male intellect."

"I'm certainly glad to hear you say so," Rhonda said. "Even though you haven't demonstrated it so far."

"After I was sure I knew what I should look like I went to that park near your house. There's a deep thicket there so I went in and started to materialize a body. You see, that's how we get things done on my planet; by mind-force."

"You did very well," she said.

"Oh, it wasn't easy to get everything right," I said. "Once I had two heads and that seemed rather ridiculous. Then another part seemed too

large; at least by existing standards. But try as I would, I couldn't get it right."

"At last I have met a really self-made man," Rhonda said. "I think you did a wonderful job."

"Then I tried to materialize some clothes," I said. "But that didn't work out at all. Just some ridiculous wisps of ectoplasm that didn't cover me at all. So there I was stuck in that thicket, afraid to move. Then toward evening a young couple came into the thicket. They didn't see me because they seemed to be preoccupied with some mysterious business. It must have been some nature rite they were performing. First the young man pulled the girl down to the ground. He kept doing things with his lips and hands and then he took off her dress. It was very puzzling."

"Oh, I can tell you about that," she cried. "It's really very simple. You see, you—"

"Oh, thank you," I said. "Naturally, I am interested in learning all these things."

"Well, first of all, there are certain preliminaries," Rhonda said and sat on my lap.

"Uh-uh." I seemed to be having difficulty in concentrating. "Don't you want to know what I did then?"

"No," she said. "Well, all right, but don't take all night. She started to press against me and do things that were rather disturbing.

"After the dress was off, the girl took off these—what you call panties. As they seemed to be very busy I grabbed at the clothes, because I thought they would be better than nothing. But the man jumped up and all I got was the panties. Then I ran for your house because it was the only one that was dark."

I don't think Rhonda was paying any attention to what I was saying. And in another moment I didn't feel like talking anyway. Somehow or other I found myself in the room that Earth people use for sleeping.

And then I found myself doing what the young man in the thicket had been doing. I kissed Rhonda—my hands seemed to know what to do—

After a while she drew me close to her again. "John," she whispered, "You certainly are a self-made man. And what a job you did!"

THE END





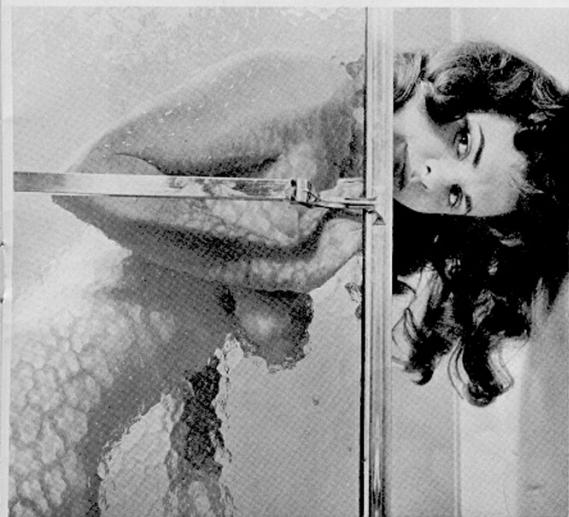
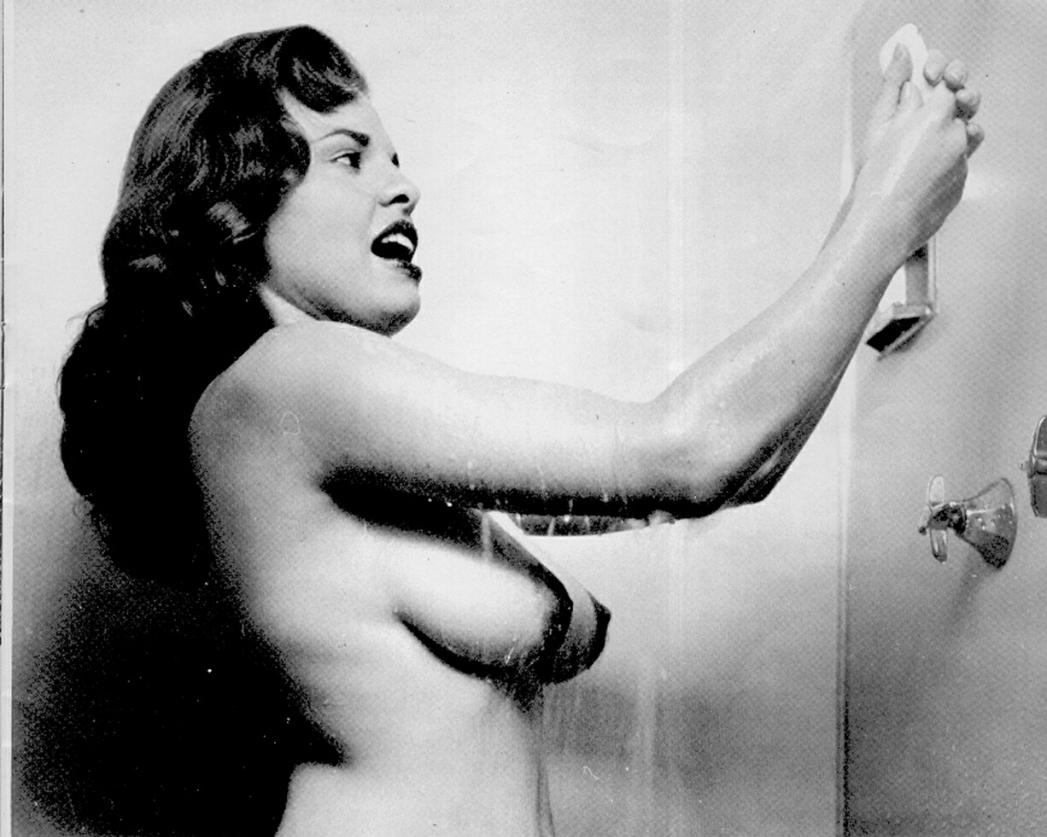
With only two pictures on hand of this model, we were faced with a problem. We introduced her in a mild man-

ner on Page 3 and then brought her on full force for a grand finale here.



To avoid any monotony of too many outdoor or impromptu poses we asked this model to do something natural indoors to add variety to our magazine. She obliged by cheerfully taking a shower after much careful thought which is actually pictured, far right.





SHEER



SUNNY DEAN



GLEND A GRAHAM

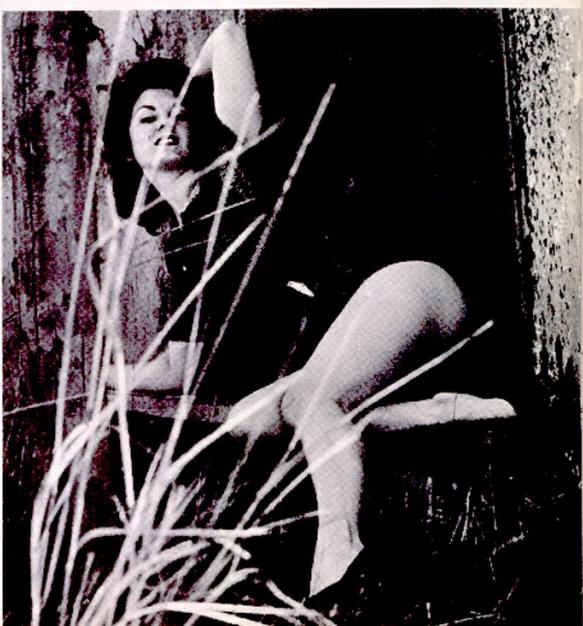
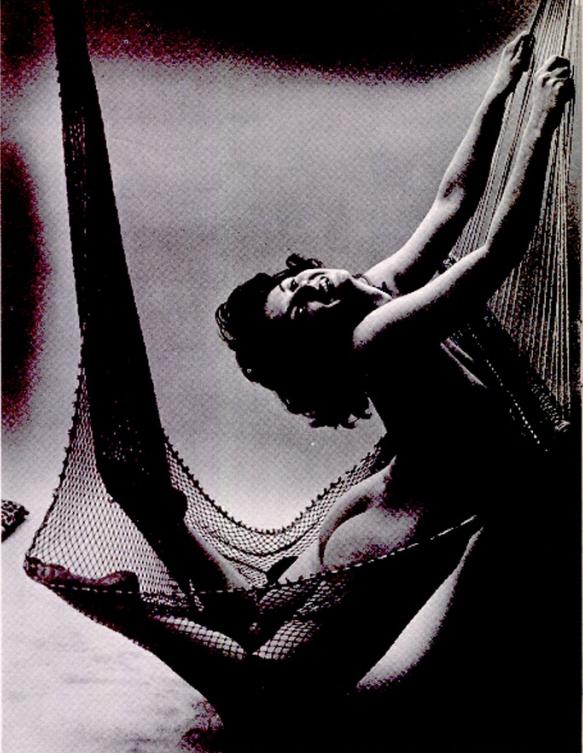
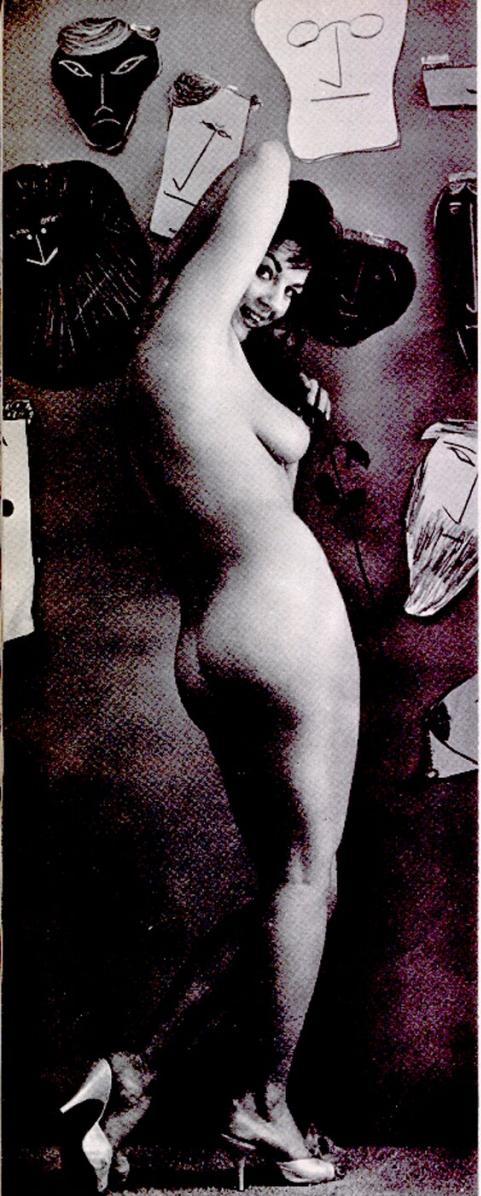
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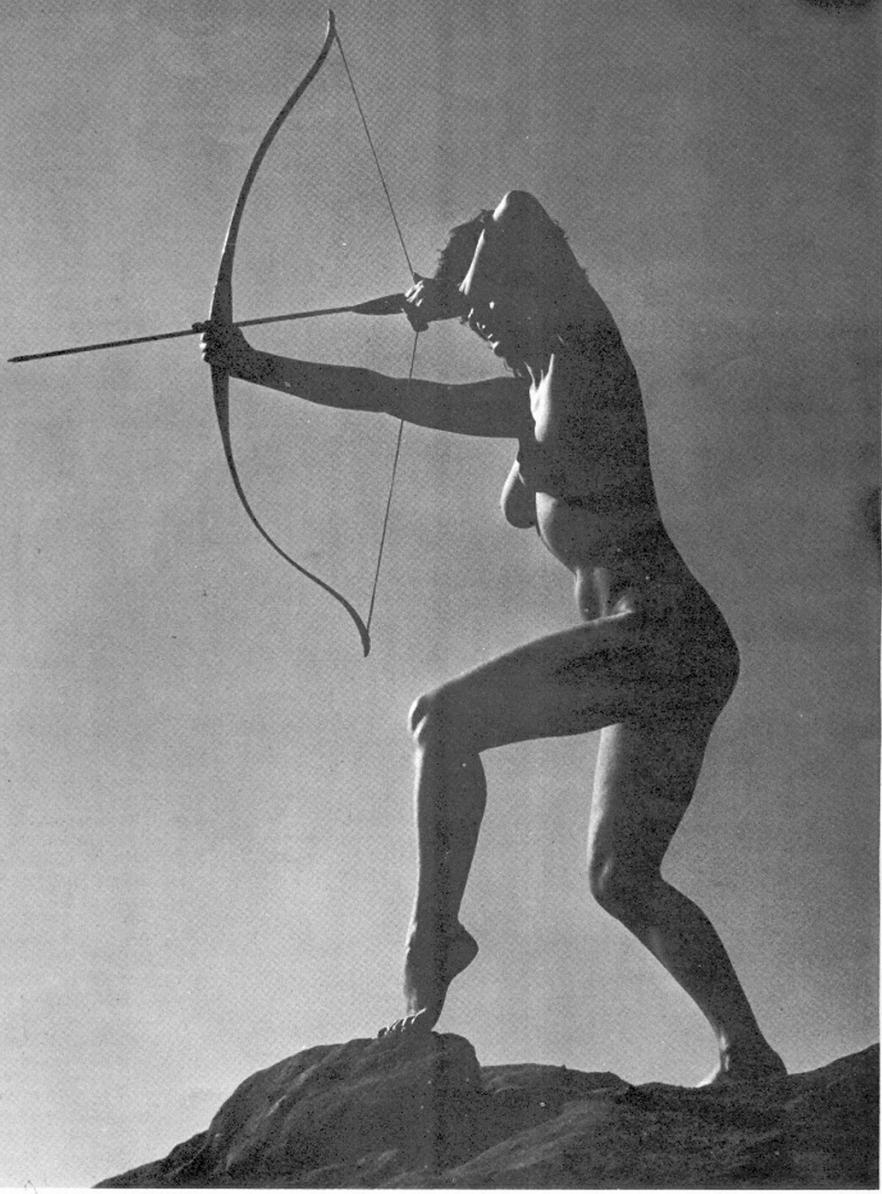
This dark-haired charmer was chosen as the feature attraction in this issue. She is not new to our fans since she was our cover girl last issue. This time, however, she is featured in the center color picture on the next four exciting pages.

This outfit the model is wearing is a sparkling bright red and it still seems to retain much of its sparkle even in black and white photography. There is very little nudity displayed here but the model carries the three pictures with her own variety in moods and expressions.





Session with feature model really rolls into high gear as the pictures take a turn to wildness. Quickly drawn "beat" pictures are unique if not bizarre, above. Upper right, with hair in disarray and body apparently flung into the netting carefree, makes for a wild photograph.

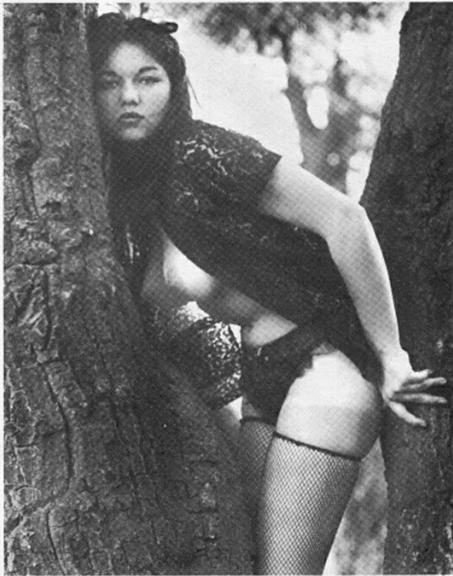


Best picture of set and probably the best all-around study in the book shows a modern-day nude huntress about to unleash an arrow on an imaginary target which more than amply brings out every enhancing curve the

model possesses. Notice the beautiful natural lighting in this picture that will offer a challenge to every photographer that is wealthy enough in ambition to try something like this.



Blonde above gets down off the fence for an extremely unusual turnabout on Page 34. Cartoon below is only one of many featured in this issue.



Brunette model above took to the cool water for an explosive bit of back-to-nature posing on Page 14. Blonde below barely made this issue and her appearance on Page 21 is even briefer.



FOR LOVE OF MONEY

(ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ALEXANDER)



Would you come with me, Dick, to my apartment?

By DON ROWELL

"Lord, what a stupid character!" He kicked hard at a clod of dirt as he spat out his hatred. He talked aloud to himself as he walked. "If that stupid foreman hadn't kept watching me work I would've been alright."

He had just been fired from his job. The foreman had been watching him work all morning. Dick couldn't stand being watched when he was working. The boss had asked him to come into the office. Dick knew what was coming.

"You don't seem to be able to handle the job, Dick. I'm sorry but we're going to have to let you go. I suggest you try something else—something less exacting than machine shop work."

Dick had lowered his eyes and mumbled something incoherent. "Here's your check, Dick." Dick reached for the check and his hand trembled. "Yeah, thanks." He left and as he walked toward the bus line every step increased his frustrated rage.

This being fired from a job was nothing new to him. He was thirty-three years old and had yet to hold a job for more than a few weeks. Not that he was stupid or without aptitude, he wasn't. In fact, he was above average in intelligence. Five-foot ten inches with a slim but well proportioned build, he was quiet, and possessed with an all too vivid imagination. Dick would be classified as an "introvert" by the head shrinkers.

As far back as he could remember he had been tortured by doubts. As a boy he would cry in anguish to his mother, "Ma, I just can't stick to one thing. I'm afraid I'll make mistakes and people will laugh at me."

At times his attitude changed. He would feel great waves of self confidence. It was at these times that he asserted himself. He had no trouble finding work when these moods of aggressiveness were on him. But his moods were desultory. Within a short time he would again feel the shadow of pessimism and fear enveloping him.

MONEY MAY NOT BE EVERYTHING BUT SOMETIMES IT HELPS!

His personality changed without reason. He had various personal theories as to the reasons for his instability. In an attempt to rationalize he would explain, from time to time, to his best friend Don Powers, "You know Don, I think sometimes that I've got a devil in me that demands perfect balance of my outlook. I read a phrase once that fits me perfectly. For every moment we spend in benevolent bliss—we spend an equal moment in subterranean slime."

He walked from the bus to his house. He entered, walked into his room, and flopped on the bed. He felt enervated, spent. But his brain was teeming with conflicting thoughts. He pulled a lever and made his mind revolve about him, a monstrous wheel of fortune, a merry-go-round of memory, a revolving sphere of wisdom, hate and hopelessness.

The sphere stopped suddenly. He leaped from the bed and picked up the telephone. With nervous fingers he dialed and his lips moved in a silent prayer. "Be there Don, be there!"

"Hi buddie, how about meeting me at 'the joint,' I'm thirsty for some beer." Apparently the answer was affirmative. His face broke into a smile. He seemed to gain new strength as he showered and shaved.

The maggots of pessimism would die after a couple of cold beers. Soon the warmth of companionship would be his and life would have a sweet taste in his mouth—at least for a little while.

He walked several blocks to "the joint." Don's car was parked in front. He walked in. Don was sitting at the bar—all smiles.

"Sit down buddie, and kill a cold one before you say anything."

Dick and Don were as different as night and day. Dick, quiet and introverted. Don talkative, enthusiastic, and extroverted.

They were inseparable friends. Dick was fascinated by his buddy's "Don't give a damn" attitude, his acceptance of things, his effortless adaptability.

"What happened to the job, get canned?"

"Yeah, the stupid foreman kept on my tail all morning. You know how I go for that crap."

They drank and smoked, enjoying themselves, listening to an argument between two drunks. The drunks left, arguing violently as they walked out.

Don laughed. "Booze is a strange chemical, Dick, it loosens the tongue, fires the mind and warms the soul."

Dick smiled. "Very poetic, very poetic. By the way, how's the book coming?" Don was a writer and a good one.

Although he was gregarious he was also the imaginative type, lusty with life. He was a man's man primarily, and the instinct in him to play the game of life was strong. In this one respect he was similar to Dick. They were both alive, painfully alive, to the great universal things.

Dick looked over at his friend who seemed deep in thought. "I said, how goes the writing?"

"Oh, my book, you mean. Real great, I'm half finished."

"What are you going to do with all the loot your publisher promised you?"

"I've been wanting to talk to you about that, Dick." Don looked smug and secretive.

"Yeah, what's on your mind?"

"How about going on that trip to the South Seas we've been talking about for so many years—"

"Are you serious buddie?"

"Hell yes, the trip will help me gather material for my next book. The Islands are loaded with atmosphere and color and that's what I need."

"Sounds great! I'm ready to go any time you are, and I'll pay you back some day."

"Don't worry about paying me back. What's mine is yours."

Dick drained his glass. He stared with unseeing eyes into the mirror behind the bar. A procession of imaginary objects passed in review: Fresh sun bright Islands where work was unnecessary and one lived off the fat of the land. His perspective narrowed to one Island—a native girl was walking with him through a palm jungle. The girl was lovely. All the fires of the sun burned and lived in the splendor of her flesh. All the shadows of passion slept in the night of her hair. They were happy—living the simple life. She

gave him strength and confidence.

Rest, alternated with hard play, had developed him. The blaze of tropic suns was in his face and in his swelling resilient muscles was the primordial vigor of life.

"You're smoking a lot lately, Dick."

Dick jumped with a start. "What, oh yeah, I smoke more than usual when I'm lonely."

"You should get out more. Stop hanging around the house when you're not working."

"I know, the place gives me the creeps, but I feel kind of lost when I'm out alone."

Don's heart softened at his friend's humble confession. He thought to himself: "The guy is one in a million." His writer's descriptiveness came to the surface. Such persons as Dick are as lonely eagles sailing solitary in the azure sky far from the earth and its swarming freight of gregarious life.

A sharp looking blonde walked in and sat down near Don. Dick had gone to the men's room. The blonde wasted no time. She leaned over towards him and whispered, "How would you like a little party for just ten dollars?"

Suddenly Don had an idea. He hurriedly gave her detailed instructions and then slipped her a twenty.

She smiled. "OK, I don't get it, but OK. Twenty dollar bills can make me real cooperative."

Dick returned and Don got up. "Let's sit down in a booth and be comfortable." As they headed for the booth, Don called the girl. "Come on over Blondie, and join us in a drink."

She got up and walked over to them. She murmured "thanks," looked at them rather closely, and sat down beside Dick. She played the part Don had assigned her, to perfection. She was politely attentive when Don spoke, but eagerly attentive to Dick's self conscious statements. Later she dropped her hand lightly on his leg. "I like you Dick, you're so quiet."

Dick was embarrassed but pleased.

Don was surprised at the girl's sincerity. She was playing her part like a professional actress. She seemed genuinely fond of his friend. She was telling Dick how much she disliked the insolent type that used women to raise the level of their own inflated egos. She glanced at Don as she made the remark and he smiled at her.

FOR LOVE OF MONEY

Continued from Page 31

Their conversation was flexible and ran the gamut from books, to music—from horses to women. Don was surprised at her intelligence. She was quick with answers, and able to cope with Dick's rather abstract theories.

Dick asked himself, "How did she get on this prostitute kick? She's got lots of class and a good mind." Then he made a show of glancing anxiously at his watch.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you people but I've got an appointment and I'm a bit late already."

A look of concern crossed Dick's face and he started to rise. The blonde, her name was Paula, pulled on his arm and said, "You don't have to leave do you?"

Dick flushed and stammered, "No, I guess not."

Don left and chuckled to himself as he drove off. I never thought I'd play cupid but anything goes if I can help old Dick.

Dick found that conversation with Paula came easily. She seemed to draw him out of himself. As the hours passed they became more intimate and exchanged confidences.

They were lonesome people and responded to each other like a violin in the hands of a master. There was no conflict in their personalities. Their ideas, their likes and dislikes blended as one.

"Do you like poetry, Dick?"

"Some of it, and some of it seems so effeminate and gutless."

"How do you like this one?" *Abs-tain not! Life and love, like night and day, offer themselves to us on their terms, not ours. Accept their bounty while ye may, before we be accepted by the worms.*"

"That's great stuff, I like it very much."

She seemed pleased beyond words and her eyes became misty. They looked at each other and felt humbled at what was happening to them. They were as one. The music of their souls was in harmony.

"Would you come with me, Dick, to my apartment? I have several things to tell you."

Weeks passed before Dick called his buddie.

"Where the devil have you been Dick?"

"That's a long story, Don. I'll meet you at 'the joint' in ten minutes if you can make it."

"Sure I can make it, but where have you been, what's happened?"

Dick laughed. "I'll see you in ten minutes and tell you all about it."

Don walked in "the joint." Dick and Paula were sitting in a booth smiling. They laughed at his bewildered expression when they told him they were married. Paula reached out and handed Don a crumpled twenty dollar bill.

"Thanks, Don. That twenty dollar bill brought Dick and I together. We'll always be grateful to you for everything." Then Dick pulled a check out of his wallet and showed it to Don. "You'll never guess how

I made this money, Don."

"Well come on, out with it, what's all the mystery?"

They reminded him of a couple of overgrown kids with a secret. He could see that they were happy and his heart went out to them.

Paula broke the news. "Dick's writing for the magazines. I convinced him that with his imagination and temperament he should be good. I'm typing his stuff for him. He sold his very first piece. Guess what he used for a title."

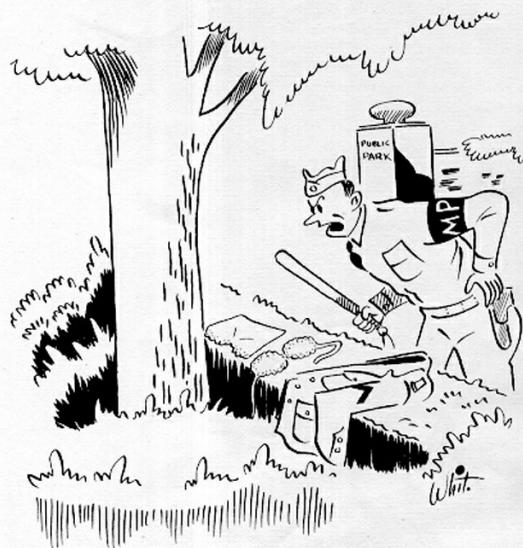
Dick shrugged and seemed confused but happy.

"Twenty Dollar Bill."

THE END



"DEAR, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME."



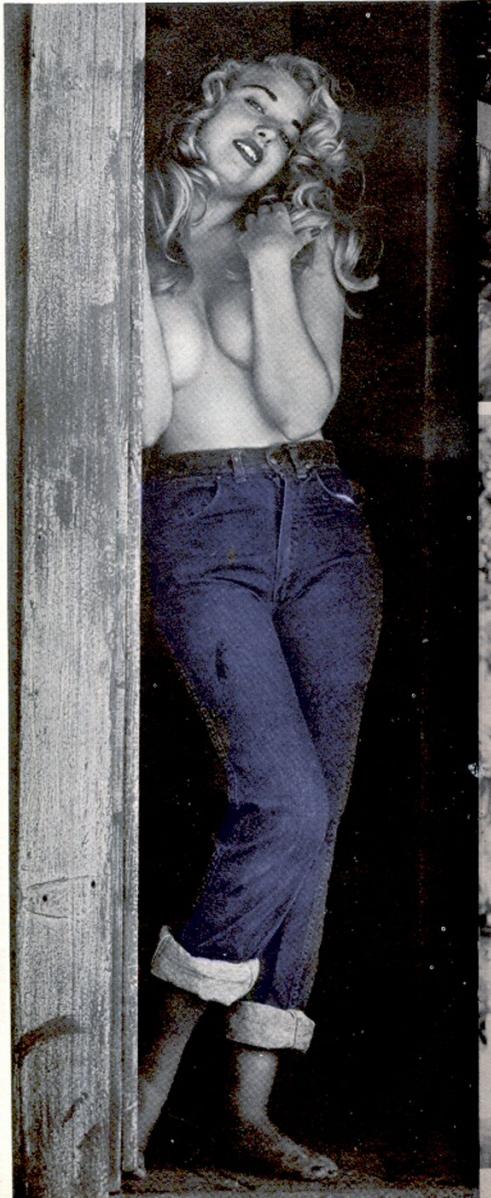
"I SUPPOSE YOU GOT SOME GOOD EXCUSE FOR BEING OUT OF UNIFORM?"



"...AND THE BODY COMES EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES FOR YOUR PLEASURE!"



The three pictures centermost on these two pages were shot at a different time than the two on each side. Notice that the hair is far better in the center ones where it shows more grooming.



This model tried posing with a nightie, pants, a sweater, combed sans clothing, and then took an unusual type of outdoor bath to contribute her all for a successful adventure into our pages.



Stark shortness of sweater above almost causes one to do a double take since the lightness of material and fairness of skin offers little contrast except with the background. The expressions are all rather good except in the combing scene where the lack of a face gives way to the prime interest, that of preparing the hair.





A battle went on here choosing which picture to use full page and let's see if you agree with the merits that placed the above photo as winner. The sheer rock face and sand were good, far left, the tree and out-

stretched elbows held their merit and the boulder pose were fine. The above was chosen purely on the pose and contour of the model's figure which would have to be judged as the best all-around nude figure study.

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS



Katrina pressed the warm length of her thigh against him

(ILLUSTRATED BY - HUGH HOWARD)

HEED THE RULES OF THE GAME!

By CONNIE SELLERS

(—unless, like Katrina, you're an expert on diets. Even then, it can be dangerous.)

"Aren't you afraid of breaking the law?" Katrina asked.

The thin man jumped and twisted a dark face over his shoulder to look at her. Then he laughed.

"You had me going for a second," he said, "but I don't think a lovely girl would turn me in for feeding peanuts to a hungry monkey."

Katrina flicked a red-tipped finger at the sign on the cage. "Do not feed the animals," she quoted, and knew his eyes weren't following her finger, but sliding across her tight blouse instead.

"Suppose I had been a lady cop?" she asked.

His eyes frankly applauded the smooth sweep of her hips, the trim modeling of her legs.

"I'd commit a real crime," he said, "just to be arrested."

Here it comes, Katrina thought, the pat conversation that seldom changed. The peanut stand romeos all operated the same way.

"You don't plan to feed that poor monkey all those nuts, do you?" She gestured prettily at the bulging bag in his hand.

Strange, she thought. Normally she wouldn't have pegged this John as a moneybags. He was a bit too young, with a too-hard mouth. But she had seen him peel a twenty from a sturdy fold of bills at the peanut stand, and trailed him here to make her pitch.

He held out the bag. "Have some?"

"Oh no," she laughed. "I'm thirsty enough now."

His eyes brightened. "May I buy you a drink instead?"

Katrina hesitated just long enough.

"After all," he said, "we're fellow lawbreakers. You're supposed to report me, you know."

Her laugh was practiced. "There must be some small print on that sign I can't see."

His eyes crinkled at her. "I'll throw away the peanuts."

"A sacrifice," she said; then, "I'm Katrina."

Using her real name was a twist she had developed. No cop would ever believe she had told the truth.

She almost laughed in his face when the dark man told her his name was John.

"It fits you," she said, and meant it.

In a nearby bar, Katrina went mechanically through her bag of tricks. She leaned a little too far across the table; she didn't move away when his knee brushed hers, and she let him order drinks too rapidly.

His eyes never stopped moving over her, but Katrina was used to that. She knew his eyes were also taking notice of her clothes, chosen to impress. Very plainly, their expensive simplicity said: *Class.*

Her rings were real, too. Long ago she had learned that men shied away from a pickup who looked the part. Therefore, a smart girl avoided the professional look.

John's fingers delved constantly into the bowl of salted peanuts on the table, and Katrina barely stopped her lips from twitching.

This one would be easy. Most Johns were, if they were picked up at a zoo, or an aquarium, or a circus . . . peanut nibblers. There was a bowl of peanuts waiting in Katrina's room now, next to the bottle of excellent whiskey.

Of course, those peanuts weren't the kind people fed to monkeys. They were special, because Katrina was a specialist in the uses of chloral hydrate. And if that sleep-producing stuff didn't tempt a John in its innocent camouflage, there was the loaded bottle, and lastly, the needle.

Under the table, she nudged back with a nyloned knee. This sucker would go for some part of the waiting layout. This was their fourth drink now, and the peanut bowl was empty.

"Katrina," John said, and the thickness in his voice wasn't all from the drinks, "can we—I mean, can we go somewhere—be alone?"

Katrina let her lips fall open and breathed faster. "I—I don't know. I shouldn't—we're strangers, and—but the zoo—animals—do something to me. They excite me."

That was the clincher that never failed to clear up the reason the "rich girl" let herself be picked up so easily. It made them feel safer.

"Me, too," John said. "Want to go to my place?"

His hand stroked her forearm and Katrina quivered; she was pretty good at quivering.

"Oh no," she said. "My own apartment is close by, and it's, well-discreet."

His teeth flashed against the tan of his skin. "Let's go."

In the self-service elevator of the apartment building, Katrina pressed the warm length of her thigh against him. He might, she thought, go for another drink. If he did, she'd be riding this cage back down in minutes—alone.

She pictured the John waking up, and the manager telling him sure, a young lady lives in that apartment, but she only rented it yesterday, and hasn't moved her things in yet.

But inside the door, the homey touches were there for the John to see—the cute stuffed animals on the couch, the bottle and bowl of peanuts, an open magazine.

He was in a hurry, as they all were. She let him fit her curves to his body for a moment, then pulled slowly away.

"Let's have another drink," she said. "I'll get some ice."

Watching, she could see his mouth harden, his eyes grow wary. They were usually cautious about whiskey; not always, but usually.

"You go ahead," he said. "I've had enough."

"Okay," she said, and took the bottle into the kitchen. She mixed a tall drink from a smaller bottle and brought it back into the living room.

"Here's to the lovely animals," she said, and took a long swallow.

His eyes softened. "I'll split that with you."

She held out that glass to him, smiling, watching as he drank half the drink. When she finished her half, he moved his hands out to the curve of her hips.

Since this would be no fifteen job, Katrina relaxed and allowed herself to twist under his hands. His lips were warm and firm, and Katrina's play acting got out of hand.

She helped him with the buttons on the tight blouse, and sank onto the couch. With one pointed heel she kicked a monkey doll off onto the floor. She needed the room.

Later, she sat up and reached for her glass. "After that," she sighed, "I need another drink. All nice wild animals aren't in the zoo."

He watched her shrug back into her blouse, and followed the undulating roll of her hips as she smoothed her skirt into place.

"I'll split another one with you," he offered.

She held a smile in place. They were always so careful about whiskey. Didn't they realize there were other ways, too?

"Sure," she said. "I'll make a tall one. The cigarettes are on the table. Light one for me, will you?"

The cigarettes were an inch away from the bowl of peanuts.

Katrina took her time in the kitchen, rattling ice cubes, running water into the sink. When she came out again, she expected to see him face down on the rug, but he wasn't.

She composed her face and saluted him with the glass. "To us."

Her other hand was behind her back, cradling the hypodermic. She took a big drink of the highball, thinking it out. Give him a little time—enough to finish this drink, and then the needle. Fleetingly, she wondered why he hadn't gone for the peanuts.

He took the glass from her hand. "To a lucky meeting," he said, and lifted the glass to his mouth.

Katrina smiled brightly at him as he offered the glass again.

Then he nodded toward the bathroom door. "Do you mind?"

Katrina had difficulty keeping the smile in place. "Oh—oh, no."

The door closed behind him, and she tossed off the rest of the highball. This one was being difficult. This one was wary, wise, but the needle would take care of that, all right.

He took a long time in the bathroom, and Katrina leaned back against the couch pillows, the hypo hidden at her side. She was tired. Her eyelids fluttered, but she forced them open as the door opened.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

She shook her head. The room seemed foggy, for some reason.

He loomed over her, and she lifted one hand slowly up at him. She had to get him down close. But he moved back, face wavery and out of focus. His voice came at her out of a long corridor, echoing.

"You're smart, baby—very smart. The peanuts are a gimmick I'll have to remember."

She fumbled out the hypo, straining to hear his words.

"Yeah—the needle, too, huh? It figured. And one loaded bottle of whiskey and one good one, was that it?"

Continued on Page 40



Brunette cover girl pushed through grape vines to be a pleasant surprise here except this is probably the best study of the series and perhaps like the dessert, it should have been saved for the last. Notice that on

these two pages are an apparent wealth of backgrounds but this is only typical of what one can discover if the location is carefully chosen.

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

Continued from Page 39

Katrina tried to say something, but her tongue wouldn't come unglued.

"But here's something you'd bet-

ter remember," he said, from a great distance, "chloral hydrate comes in little coated tablets, too, just the right size to hold under your tongue when you're splitting a drink. You just let it slide out into the half you don't drink."

Awkwardly, Katrina brought her hands up very close to her face. She wanted to see her good diamonds—her real rings—just once more in the gathering darkness.

She knew they wouldn't be there when she woke up.

THE END

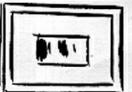




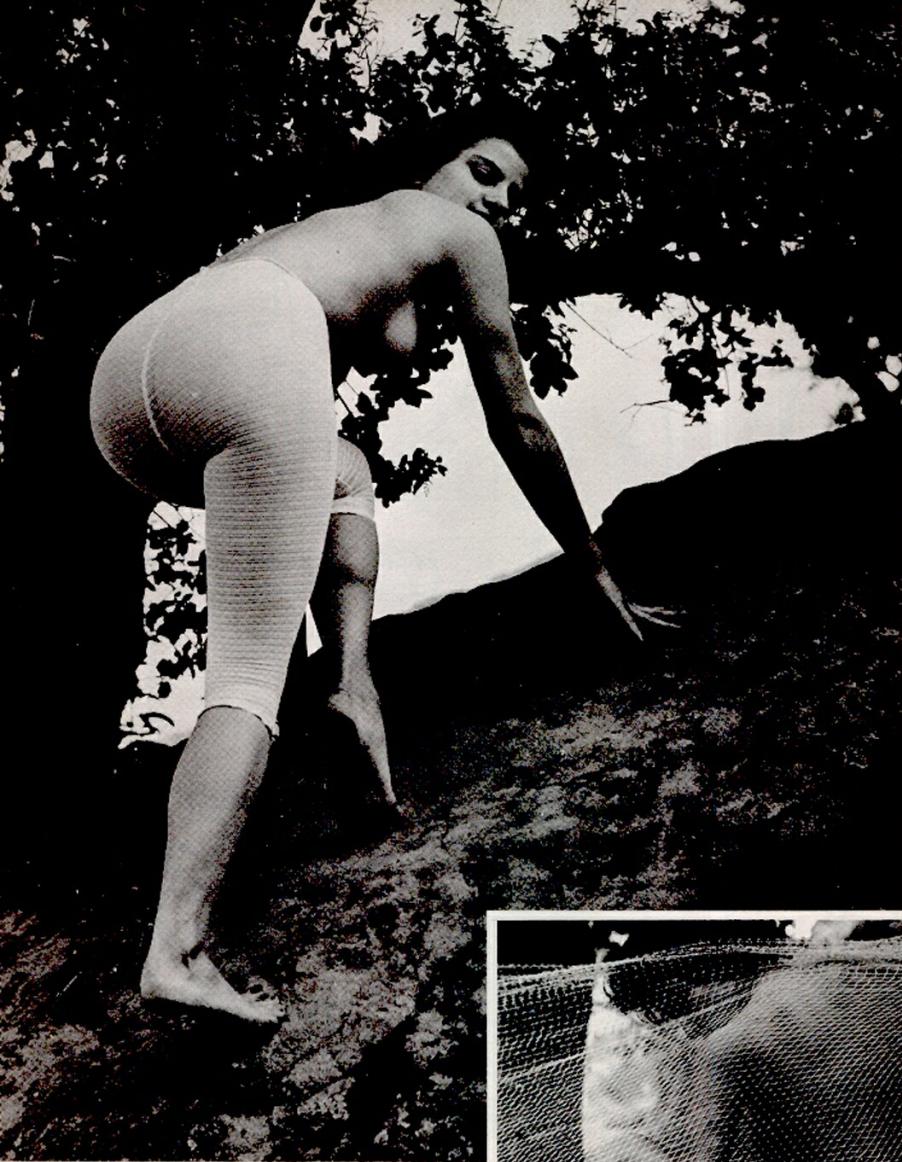
I'VE GOT TO SAY ONE THING FOR YOU...
YOU'RE CERTAINLY BROAD MINDED."



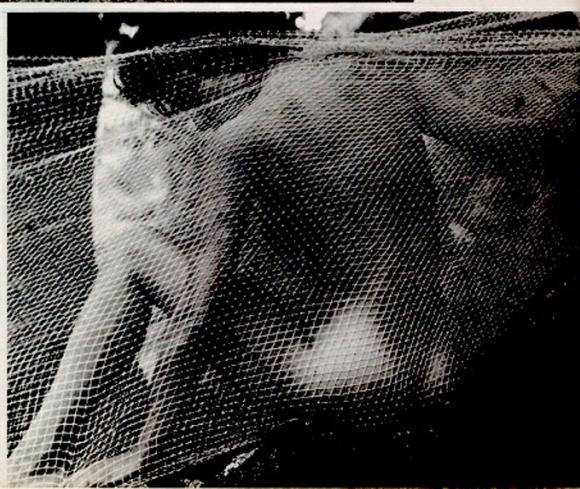
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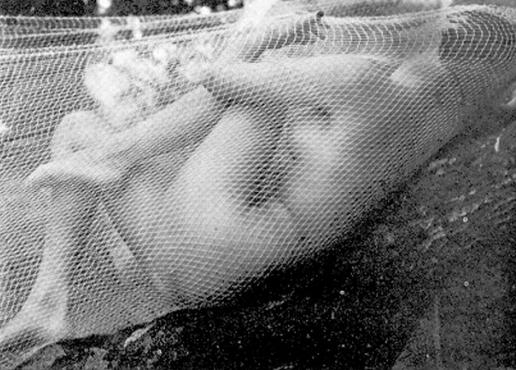


"WHERE IS 'YOU ARE THERE' BROADCASTING FROM TODAY, DEAR?"

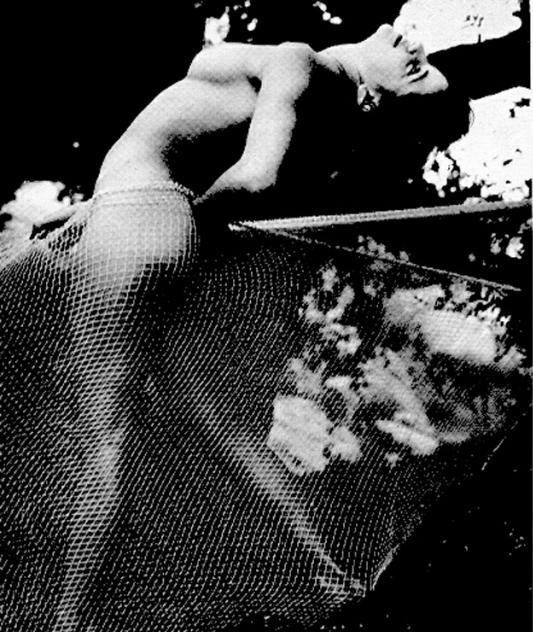


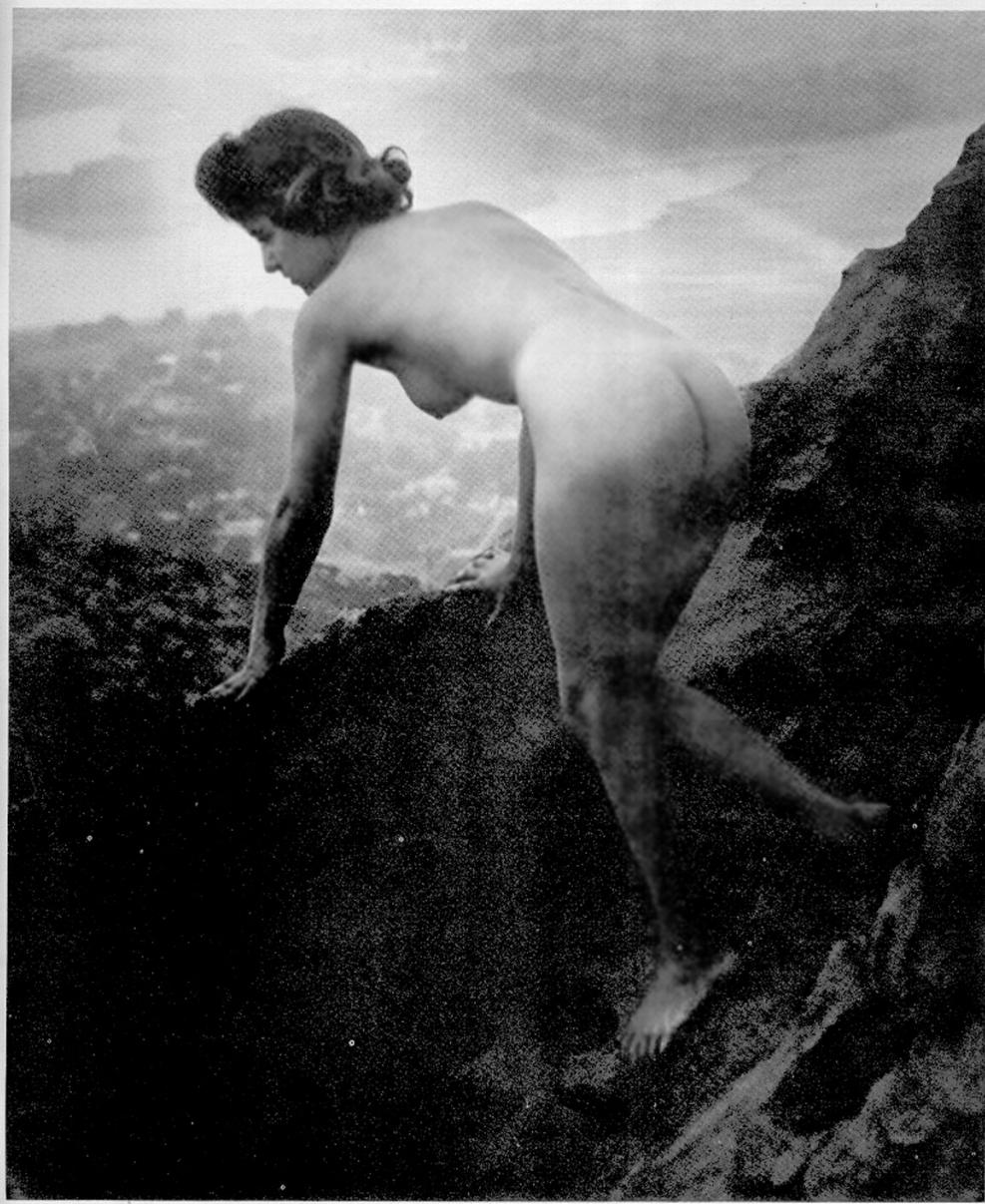
Photographer was watching carefully for interesting angles during this shooting, often working above or below the model such as the above picture. Nets can be used with the nude figure for variety but can actually detract if care is not taken with the lighting effects.





Taking one last fling in the net, model finally steps forth to our final picture above which with the darkened background accomplished mainly on the printing table, the model appears nearly spotlighted. The city below can be actually seen through the smog in the background.





Allowing the model to climb about on the rocks and trees brought to mind the many pictures that made up this layout. Costumes

should be changed as often as backgrounds although this is, of course, not an item in the strict figure field.

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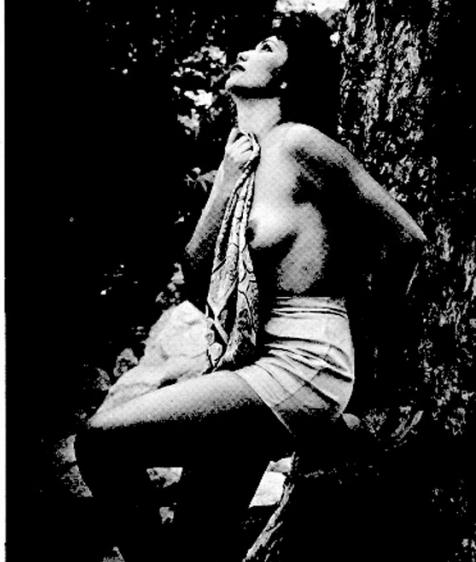
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Fullness of the pleated nightgown, although attractive attire could surely hide the beauty of the model. Best angles can be achieved by lighting from behind, wetting material or as above, drawing it back.

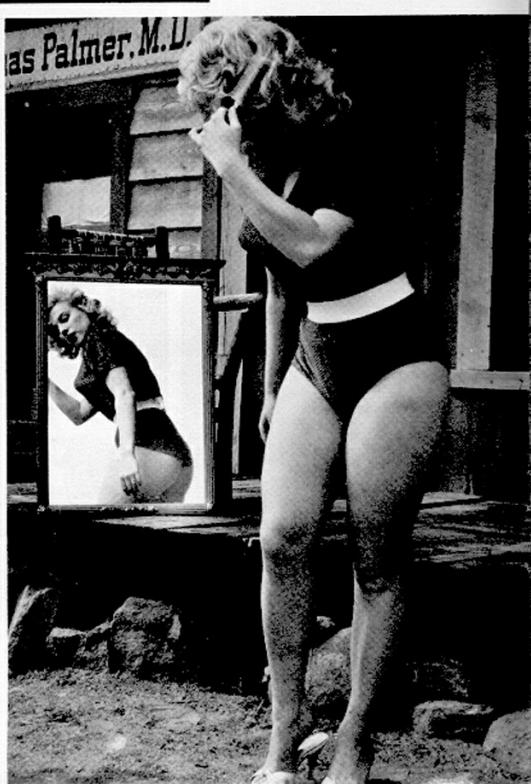
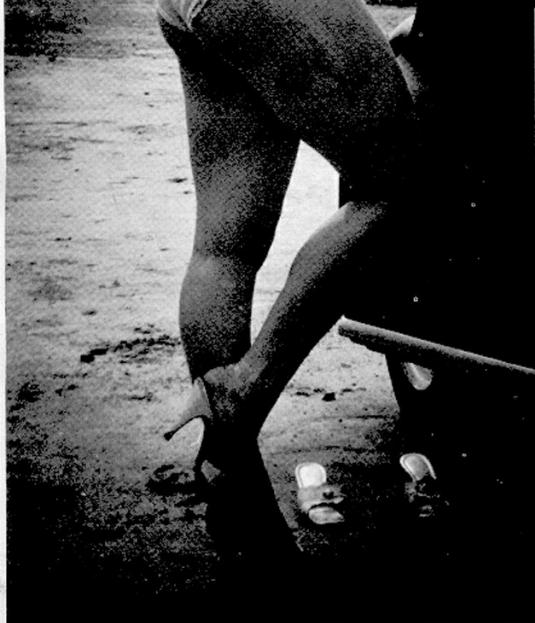
Shortie nightie below is better because of the sheerness of material and it is so short that the model would appear quite nude from any angle. Notice the relaxed serenity exemplified in model's expression.





This would have to vie with first picture as the best of the series. Model beautifully framed by the sheer whiteness of the negligee' only adds to the natural beauty

of the outdoor composition. Crossed over knee gives the figure a more curvaceous appearance and forms more graceful lines than a flatfooted straight-on stance.



They say a blonde stands out in a crowd mainly because golden hair is naturally flashy. But we feel this blonde stands out all by herself and has many more attributes than the hair to add to her modeling versatility.

This beauty scarcely emerged from the car before she was stretching into provocative poses on two pairs of high heels that add grace to her form especially in the leg contours. Model's appeal, though she is actually a big girl, lies mainly in her keen abilities to pose so expertly that the angles play up rather than detract from her beauty.



Any girl large or small would long for a figure like this but it is mainly the pose. Try the above pose on any model and check the results.



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